

All suche Psal-
mes of Dauid, as
Thomas Sterneholde,
late Grome of the kyn-
ges Maiesties Ro-
bes, did in his
life tyme
dralve
into
Englishe
metre.

1553

To the moste noble and ver-
teous Kyng, our Souerein lord Kyng
Edwarde the sixte, Kyng of Englande,
fraunce, and Ireland, defendour of the
faith, and in yearth of the churche of En-
glande, and also of Ireland, the supreme
hed: Thomas Sternholde, Grome
of his Maiesties Robes, wi-
sheth increase of health
honoure, and
felicitie.



Although, moste
Noble Soueraine,
the groinesse of my
witte, dooeth not
suffice to searche out
the secret misteries
hidden in the booke
of Psalmes, whiche
by the opinion of many learned menne,
comprehendeth the effecte of the whole
Bible: Yet trustyng to the goodnesse of
God, whiche hath in his hande the keie
therof, whiche shutteth, and no man ope-
neth,

A.ii,

neth,

The p[re]face.

neth, openeth, and no man shutteth, albe
it I cannot geue to your Maiestie great
leaues thereof, or b[ry]ng into the Lordes
Barne full handfulls, to the entent that
I wolde not appere in the haruest v[er]-
ily idle and barain, beeyng warned with
the example of the drie Figge tree, I am
bolde to p[re]sente vnto your Maiestie, a
fewe crummes, which I haue picked vp
from vnder the Lordes boorde: And am
gladde with the pooze woman Ruth, the
Moabite, to come behynde, and gather a
fewe eares of corne after the reapers, re-
dering thanks to almightie God, that
hath appointed vs such a king and go-
uernour, that forbiddeth not laie men, to
gather and lease in the Lordes Haruest,
but rather commaundeth the reapers to
caste out of their handfulls emong vs,
that we maie boldely gather without re-
buke: Perceiuyng also that your Maie-
stie hath so searched the fountaines of the
Scriptures, that yet beeyng young, you
vnderstande them better then many El-
ders,

The pꛛeface.

ders, the very meane to attaine to the per-
fecte gouernement of this your realme,
to Gods gloꝝy, to the prosperitie of the
publique wealthe, and to the comfort of
all your Maiesties Subiectes. Seyng
further that your tender and godly zeale
dooeth moze delight in the holy Songes
of veritee, then in any feigned Rimes of
vanitie, I am encouraged to trauail fur-
ther in the said booke of Psalmes: trusting
that as youre grace taketh pleasure to
heare them song some tymes of me, so ye
will also delight, not onely to se and read
them your self, but also to commaunde
the to be song to you of others: that as ye
haue the Psalmes it self in youre mynde,
so ye maie iudge myne endeuour by your
eare. And if I maie perceiue youre Ma-
iestie willyng to accepte my will herein,
where my dooyng is no thanke worthe,
and to fauoure this my begynnyng, that
my labour bee acceptable in perfoꝝmyng
the residue, I shall endeuour my self with
diligence, not onely to enterpꝛise that,

A. iii.

whiche

The p[re]face.

Whiche better learned ought more iustly
to doo, but also to performe that with-
out fault, whiche your Maestie wil re-
ceiue with iuste thanke. The lord of the
pearthly kinges, geue your grace daielely
encrease of honour and vertue: and
fulfill all your godlie reque-
stes in hym, withoute
whose gifte wee
haue or can
obteyn no-
thing.



By your lord the light that doo comyng
deliuerd from the darkness of I saye may
com to the very light of I saye

lord I saye in I saye

and I saye in I saye

O lord god do bestow the to higher or
deliuerd / O lord god from all I saye
of I saye / O merciful lord / O glorious
O lord I saye I saye I saye I saye
let I saye in I saye of the I saye I saye
O out order

I saye be I saye
I saye be to god

Psalmes

of Dauid in Metre.

Beatus uir qui non Psalm. j.

*How happie bee the righteous men,
this Psalme declareth plain:*

*And how the waies of wicked men,
be damnable and vain.*

The man is blest that hath not gone
by wicked rede astray:

He safe in chaire of pestilence,
nor walkt in synners waie.

But in the lawe of God the Lorde,
dooeth set his whole delight:

And in that lawe dooeth exercise,
hymself bothe daie and night.

And as the tree that planted is,
fast by the riuer side:

Euen so shall he bring forth his fruit,
in his due tyme and tide.

His lease shall neuer fall away,
but flourish still and stande:

Eche thing shall prosper wondrous well
that he dooeth take in hande.

So shall not the vngodlie do,
thei shall be nothyng so,

A.iii.

But

Psalmes of David

But as the dust which from the yearth,
the wyndes dryue to and fro.

Therfore shall not the wicked men
in iudgement stande vpryght :
Ne yet in counsaile of the iuste,
but shall be voyde of myght.

Foz why, the way of godly men,
vnto the Lorde is knowne :
And eke the way of wicked men,
shall quite be ouerthrowen.

Quare fremuerunt gentes. Psal. ij.

*How heathen kinges dyd Christ withstande,
yet he was king of all :*

*And of the counsaill that he gaue,
to kinges terrestriall.*

Why did the Gentiles fret & fume
What rage was in theyr brayne
Why dyd the Jewishe people muse,
on mattiers that were vayne :

The kynges and rulers of the yearth,
stode vp and dyd conuent :
Against the Lorde and Christ his sonne,
whiche he among vs sent.

Shall we be bounde to them say theie
let all their bondes broke :

And

In Metre.

And of their doctrine and their lawe,
let vs reiecte the yoke.

But he that in heauen dwelth,
their dooynges will deride:
And make them all as mockyng stockes
throughout the worlde so wide.

Foz in his wraath the lorde will speake
to them vpon a daie:
And in his furie trouble them,
and then the Lorde will saie.

Of hym was I appoynted kyng,
vpon his holy hill:
To preache the people his preceptes,
and to declare his will.

Foz in this wise the Lorde hymself,
did saie to me I wotte:
Thou art my deare and onely soonne,
to daie I thee begotte.

A people I shall geue to thee,
as heires of thy request:
The endes and coastes of all the yeathe,
by thee shalbe possesst.

Thou shalt them rule and gouerne al
and breake them like a God:

A. b. As

Psalmes of Dauid

As thou wouldest breake an yrethe pot,
euen with an Iron rod.

Now ye O kynges and rulers all,
be wise therfore and learnde:
By whom the matters of the worlde,
be iudged and discernde.

Se that ye serue the Lorde aboue,
in tremblyng and in feare:
Se that with reuerence ye reioice,
to hym in like manere.

Se that ye kisse and eke embrace,
his blessed soonne I saie:
Lest in his wzathe ye perishe all,
and wander from his waie.

Foz when his wzathe full sodainly,
shall kende in his brest.
Then all that put their trust in hym,
shall certainly be blest.

Domine quid multiplicasti. Psal. iij.
*The Passion here is figured,
and how Christ rose again:
So in the churche and faithfull men,
their trouble and their pain.*

DLorde how many dooe encrease,
and trouble me full soze:

How

In Metre.

How many saie vnto my soule,
God will saue hym nomore.

But thou O Lorde art my defence,
when I am heard bestedde:

My worship and myne honour bothe,
and thou holdest vp myne hedde.

And with my voyce vpon the Lorde,
I dooe bothe cail and crie:

And he out of the holy hill,
dooeth heare me by and by.

I laied me doune and quietly,
I slept, and rose again:

for why, I knowe assuredly,
the Lorde will me sustain.

Ten thousande men haue cōpast me,
yet am I not afraied:

for thou art still my Lorde and God,
my sauiour and myne aied.

Thou smitest all thyne enemies,
euen on the hard cheke bone:

And thou hast broken all the teethe,
of eche vngodlie one.

Saluacion onely dooeth belong,
to thee O Lorde aboue:

Bestowe

Psalmes of Dauid

Bestowe therefore vpon thy folke;
thy Blessyng and thy loue.

Cum inuocarem. Psalme. iiii.

¶ God heard the praier of the churche,
mennes vanitees are shente:
with Sacrifice of righteousnesse,
the Lorde is best contente.

D God that art my righteousnesse,
Lorde heare me when I call:
Thou hast set me at libertie,
when I was bonde and thrall.

O mortall men how long will ye,
the glozy of God despise:
Why wander ye in vanitie,
and folowe after lies:

Knowyng that good and godly men,
the Lorde dooeth take and chuse:
And when to hym I make my plaint,
he dooeth me not refuse.

Sinne not, but stande in awe therfore
examine well thyne harte:
And in thy chamber quietly,
thou shalt thy self conuerte.

Offer to God the Sacrifice,
of righteousnesse I saie:

And

In Metre.

And looke that in the liuyng Lorde,
thou put thy trust alwaie.

The greater sort craue worldly goods
and riches dooe embrace:
But lorde graunt vs thy countenance,
thy fauour and thy grace.

Wherewith þu shalt make al our hartes
more ioyfull and more glad:
Then thai that of thy corne and wine,
full greate encrease haue had.

In peace therefore lye doune will I,
takynge my rest and slepe:
for thou art he that onely dooest,
all me in safetie kepe.

Verba mea auribus. Psal. v.

¶ The church dooeth praie and Prophecie,
that God dooeth not regards:
Liers and bloudie Scismatikes,
but good men haue rewarde.

Wonder my wordes O lorde aboue
my studie Lorde consider:
And heare my voyce my kyng my God,
to thee I make my praier.

Lorde thou shalt heare me call betime
for I will haue respecte:

Psalmes of Dauid

My praise earely in the mornynge,
to thee for to directe.

And onely thee I will beholde,
thou art the God alone.

That is not pleased with wickednesse,
and ill in thee is none.

And in thy sight there shall not stand,
these furious fooles O Lorde:
Vain workers of iniquitie,
of thee shalbe abhorde.

The liers and flatterers,
thou shalt destroe them than:
And thou wilt hate the bloudthirstie,
and the deceitfull man.

But I will come into thy house,
trustynge vpon thy grace:
And reuerently will worship thee,
toward thyne holie place.

Lorde leade me in thy righteousnesse,
for to confounde my foes:
And eke the waie that I shall walke,
before my face disclose.

For in their mouthes ther is no truth
their harte is foule and vain:

Their

Their throte an open sepulchre,
their tongues dooe glose and faine.

Condemne them & their counsailes al
of their deuise decaie:

Subuert them in their heapes of synne,
for thei did thee betwraie.

But those that put their trust in thee,
let theim be glad allwaies:

And render thanks for thy defence,
and geue thy name the praise.

For thou with fauour folowest,
the iust and righteous still:

And with thy grace as with a shield,
defendest hym from ill.

Domine ne in furore. Psalm. vi.

The troubled soule with sinne opprest,
on God for grace dooeth call:

Though he some tyme tourne backe his face,
from faill he dooeth not fall.

Lorde in thy wrathe reprove me not,
though I deserue thyne ire:

Re yet correct me in thy rage,

O Lorde I thee desire.

For I am weake, therefore O Lorde,
of mercie me forbear:

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And heal me lord, for why thou knowest
my bones doo quake for feare.

My soule is troubled very sore,
and vexed vehemently:
But Lorde howe longe wilt thou delay,
to cure my myserie.

Lorde tourne the to thy wonted grace
my sely soule vp to take:

O save me, not for my desertes,
but for thy mercies sake.

For why, no man among the dedde,
remembreth thee one whitte:

O who shall worshyp thee, O Lorde,
in the infernall pytte:

So greuous is my playnt and mone
that I ware wondrous faynt:

And washe my bed where as I couche,
with teares of my complaint.

My beautie fadeth cleane away,
with anguythe of myne herte:

For feare of those that bee my foes,
and woulde my soule subuerte.

But nowe awate from me all ye,
that woorkke iniquitie:

For

In Metre.

For why, the lord hath heard the voyce,
of my complant and crie.

He heard not onely thy request,
and praier of myne harte:
But it receiued at my hande,
and tooke it in good parte.

And now my foes that vexed me,
the Lord will sone defame:
And sodainly confounde them all,
to their rebuke and shame.

Domine deus meus. Psalme. vii.

*The churche against her foes to God,
her suffraunce dooeth declare:*

*The wicked which would worke deceipt,
art trapt in their owne snare.*

Lorde my God, I put my trust,
and confidence in thee:
Saue me from them that me pursue,
and eke deliuer me.

Lest like a Lion thei deuoure,
my soule in pieces small:
Whiles there is none to succour me,
and rid me out of thral.

O Lord my God if I haue dooen,
the thyng that is not right:

Psalmes of Dauid

O^r els if I be founde in synne,
O^r guiltie in thy sight.

O^r haue rewarded ill for ill,
in those that harmed me:

O^r rashely robde myne enemye,
with greate extremitie.

Then let my foes pursue my soule,
and eke my life doune thruste:
Unto the yearth, and also laie,
myne honour in the duste.

If not, sterte vp Lorde in thy wrothe
and put my foes to pain:
Pursourme thy vengeance promised,
to suche as me disdain.

And that thy flocke maie come to thee
and knowe thee by this thyng:

Exalte thy self in Maiestie,
as theit chief Lorde and Kyng.

That art reuenger of all folke,
O Lorde reuenge thou me:
Accordyng to my righteousnesse,
and myne integritee.

Lorde cease the hate of wicked men,
and be the iust mannes guide:

By whom the secretes of all hartes,
are searched and discride.

I take my helpe to come of God,
in all my grief and smarte:
That doorth preserve all those that be,
of pure and perfecte harte.

For God a right reuenger is,
and pacient with his power:
He threatheneth still, yet we prouoke,
his vengeaunce euery hower.

And if we will not tourne to hym,
the Lorde will then beginne:
His sweard to whette, his bowe to bende,
and strike vs for our synne.

He will prepare his killyng tooles,
and sharpe his arrowes prest:
To strike and pearce with violence,
the persecutours brest.

For why, the wicked trauailed,
in mischelf men to cast:
Conceiued sorowe and brought forth,
vngodly fraude at last,

And digde a caue and cast it by,
in hope to hurte his brother:

Psalmes of David

But he shall fall into the pitte,
that he digged vp for other.

The wrong retourneth to the hurte,
of hym in whom it bredde:
And all the mischief that he wrought,
shall fall vpon his hedde.

I will geue thanks to God therfore,
that iudgeth righteously:
And with my song shall praise the name,
of hym that is moſte hie.

Domine dominus noster. Psal viii.

¶ Godde glory is ſo greate in yearth.

that babes dooe it declare:

So dooeth the ſtate of man, to whom
all creatures ſubieſte are.

In yearth O lord how wonderfull,
is thy greate Maieſtie:
That liſteth vp thy laude and praise,
aboue the theauens hie.

For why, y^e mouthes of ſucking babes
thyne honour dooe diſcloſe:
Thou makeſt infant es overcome,
thy mightie mortall foes.

And when I ſee the heauens high,
the woorkes of thyne owne hande:

The

In Metre.

The sunne, the moone, and al the sterres
in ordze as thei stande.

What thing is mā, lord thinke I then
that thou dooest hym remember:

Oz what is mannes posteritee,
that thou dooest it consider:

For thou hast made hym litle lesse,
then Angelles in degree:

And thou hast crowned hym at last,
with glozy and dignitee.

Thou hast pzfarde hym to be Lorde,
of all thy woozkes of wonder:

And at his feete hast set all thynges,
that he should kepe them vnder.

All shepe and neate, and al beastes els
that in the fieldes dooe feede:

Foules of the aire, fische in the sea,
and all that therin bzeede.

Therefore must I saie ones again,

O Lorde, thou art our Lorde:

How famous is thy Maiestie,
esteemed through the worlde:

Confitebor tibi. Psalme. ix.

The faithfull geue greate thanks to God,
for that he dooeth destroye:

B. iii.

The

Psalmes of Dauid

*Their enemies all, and helpe the poore,
that none dooeth them annoy*

O Lozde with all my hart and minde
I will geue thanks to thee:
And speake of all thy wondrous woꝝkes,
vnsearcheable of me.

I will be glad and muche reioyce,
in thee O God moſte hie:
And make my ſonges extoll thy name,
aboue the ſtarrie ſkie.

For that my ſoes are dꝛiuen backe,
and tourned vnto flight:
Thei fall doune flatte and are deſtroyed,
by thy greate force and might.

Thou haſt reuenged all my wꝝong,
my grief and all my grudge:
Thou dooeſt with iuſtice heare my cauſe,
moſte like a righteous Iudge.

Thou doeſt rebuke the heathen folke,
and wicked ſo confounde:
That after ward the memoꝝy,
of them cannot be founde.

The force and weapon of thy ſoes,
thou takeſt cleane awaie:

When

In Metre.

When citees were destroyed by thee,
their name did eke decaie.

But euermore in dignitie,
the Lorde dooeth rule and raigner
And in the seate of equitie,
true iudgement dooeth maintaigne.

With iustice he dooth kepe and guide,
the worlde and euery wight:
With conscience and with equitie,
he yelded folke their right.

He is protectour of the pooze,
what tyme thei be opprest:
He is in all aduersitie,
their refuge and their rest.

All thei that knowe thy holy name,
therefore doe trust in thee:
For thou forsakest not their suite,
in their necessitee.

Syng Psalmes therfore vnto y lord,
that dwell in Syon hill:
Publishe among the people plain,
his counsailes and his will.

For he is myndfull of the bloude,
of those that be opprest:

B.iiii,

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And printeth stil the pooze mēnes plaint
within his blessed brest.

And though my foes dooe trouble me,
thy mercie dooeth remain:

Yea, from the gates of death, O Lorde,
thou raisest me again.

In Sion that I should set forth,
thy praise with harte and voyce:

And that in thy saluacion Lorde,
my soule should muche reioyce.

When Heathen folke fall in the pitte,
that thei themseues prepaarde:

And in the nette that thei doo sette,
their owne feete finde thei snarde.

Thus when ye se the wicked man,
lie trapt in his owne warke:

God sheweth his iudgement which wer
for worldy men to marke. (good,

The wicked and the synnefull men,
go doune to hell for euer:

And all the people of the worlde,
that will not God remember.

But sure the Lorde will not forget,
the pooze mannes grief and pain:

The

In Metre.

The patient people neuer looke,
for helpe of God in vaine.

Then Lorde arise, lest men preuaill,
that be of worldly might:
And let the Heathen folke receiue,
their iudgement in thy sight.

Lord strike suche terror, feare & dread
into the hartes of them:

That thei maie knowe assuredly,
thei be but mortall men.

Vt quid domine. Psalme. x.

This Psalme dooeth shewe the greuous plaint,
of an afflicted mynde:

And setteth out the wicked woorkes:
of persecucion blynde,

What is the cause that thou o Lorde
art now so farre from thine?
And kepest close thy countenance,
from vs this troublous tyme?

The pooer doeth perishe by the proude
and wicked mennes desire:
Let them be taken in their craft,
that thei themselves conspire.

For of the lust of his owne harte,
thungodly man dooeth boiste:

B. v,

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And praiseth muche the couetous,
Whom God abhorreth moste.

Thungodly is so proude that he,
of God accounteth nought:
He will not call on God to knowe,
his counsaill and his thought.

But walketh wrong, for Lorde thy
be farre out of his sight: (waies,
Wherefore he runneth to reuenge,
his enemies with despight.

And thus he saith vnto hymself,
as one deuoyde of grace:

I will let slippe no tyme, q he,
when malice maie take place.

His mouthe is full of cursednesse,
of fraude, deceipte and guile:
Under his tongue dooeth sorowe sitte,
and trauaill all the while.

He lieth hid in secrete streates,
to slea the innocent:
Against the poore that passe hym by,
his cruell eyes are bente.

And lyke a Lion pruely,
lieth lurking in his denne:

In Metre.

If he maie snare them in his nettes,
to spoyle pooze simple menne.

And for the nones full craftly,
he croucheth doune that thei:
By colour of his humblenesse,
maie sone become his prae.

Tushe, God forgetteth this saith he,
therefoze maie I be bolde:
His countenaunce is cast aside,
he dooeth it not beholde.

Arise O Lorde, O God in whom,
the pooze mannes hope dooeth rest:
Lift bp thyne hande, forget not Lorde,
the pooze that be opprest.

What blasphemie is this to thee,
Lorde dooest thou not abhorre it:
To heare the wicked in their hartes,
saie, tushe thou carest not for it.

But thou seest all this wickednesse,
and well dooest vnderstande:
That scendlesse and pooze fatherlesse,
are left into thy hande.

Of wicked and malicious men,
then bzeake the power for euer:

That

Psalmes of Dauid

That thei with their iniquitie,
maie perishe altogether.

For thou doest reigne for euermore,
as Lorde and God alone:
But all the Heathen of the yearth,
shall perishe euerychone.

Lord harken to the poore mens plaint
their praier and request:

Geue eare to y, that thou haste wrought,
within the poore mannes brest.

Reuenge the poore and fatherlesse,
and helpe them to their right:
That thei maie be no more opprest,
with men of worldly might.

In domino confido. psalme. xi.

*Though faithfull men that trust in God,
be here in yearth opprest:*

*Yet helpe from heauen seeth their grief,
and dooeth prepare theim rest.*

Trust in God, how dare ye then,
saie thus my soule vntill:
Flee hence as fast as any foule,
and hide thee in thyne hill.

Behold, the wicked bend their bowes
and make their arrowes prest:

Co

In Metre.

To shote in secrete, and to hurte,
the sounde and harmelesse brest.

That thei maie bring all godlinesse,
to ruin and decaie:

For as for iust and righteous men,
what can thei dooe or saie:

But he that in his temple is,
moste holy and moste hie:
And in the heauen hath his seate,
of royall Maiestie.

The pooze and simple mannes estate,
considereth in his mynde:

And searcheth out full narrowly,
the maners of mankynde.

And with a cherefull countenaunce,
the righteous man dooeth vse:

But in his harte he dooeth abhorre,
all suche as mischief muse.

And on the synners casteth snares,
as thicke as any rain:

Of tēpestes, stormes, & brimstone fires,
appointed for their pain.

Ye se then how a righteous God,
dooeth righteousness embrace:

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And vnfoe truthe and equitez,
Sheweth foorth his pleasaunt face.

Saluum me fac domine. Psalm. xlii.

*The want of good is bewailde,
ill tongues are threatened sore:
Gods woorde is true, who saicth he will,
the poore to right restore.*

Help Lozde, for good & godly men,
Dooe perishe and decaie:

And faith and truth from worldly men,
is parted cleane awaie.

Whoso doeth with his neighbor talke,
his talke is all but vaine:

For euery harte bethinketh how,
to flatter lie and faine.

But flatteryng and deceitfull lippes
and tongues that be so stoute,

To speake proude thynges against the
the Lozde wil sure cutte out. (Lozd,

Yet saie thei still, we will preuaill,
our tongues shall vs extoll:

Our tongues are oures, we ought to
what Lozde shall vs controll. (speake

But for the greate complaint & crie,
of poore and men opprest:

Arise

In Metre.

Arise will I now saith the Lorde,
and helpe them all to rest.

Gods worde is like to siluer pure,
that from the yearth is tried:
And hath no lesse then seven tymes,
in fire been purified.

Now sens thy promise is to helpe,
Lorde kepe thy promes then:
And saue vs from the cursednesse,
of this ill kynde of men.

Foz now the wicked worlde is full,
of mischiefes manyfolde:
when vanitee with mortall men,
so highly is extolde.

Vsquequo domine. Psalme. xiiij. •

Though God sometyme seme to forget,
th'affliccion of the iuste:

At hym alone thei seke relief,
and in his mercie truste.

How long wilt thou forget me lorde
shall I neuer be remembred?
How long wilt thou thy visage hide,
as though thou were offended?

In harte and minde how long shall I
with care tormented be?

How

Psalmes of Dauid

How long eke shall my dedly foe,
thus triumphe ouer me :

Beholde me now my Lorde my God,
relieue me with thy breath:

Lighten myne eyes in suche a wise,
that I slepe not in death.

Lest thus myne enemye saie to me,
beholde I dooe preuaill:

Lest thei also that hate my soule,
reioyce to see me quail.

But from the mercie of the Lorde,
my hope shall neuer starte :

In whose relief and sauyng health,
right ioyfull is my harte.

Who delt with me so lounghly,
that I haue cause to syng:

In praise of his moste holy name,
that is moste mightie kyng.

Dixit insipiens. Psalme. xiiii.

*The wicked saie there is no God,
mannes woorkes are all infecte :*

*Perishe shall thei that trust therein,
grace saueth the electe.*

There is no God as foolishhe men,
Affirme in their madde moode:

Their

In Metre.

Their study is corrupt and vayne,
Not one of them dooth good.

The lord behelde from heauen hygh,
The maners of mankynde:
And sawe not one that sought about,
His lyuyng God to fynde.

They went al wyde, and wer corrupt
and truely there was none:

That in the worlde dyd any good,
I saye there was not one.

Dyd they knowe God or worship hym,
that were so swiftly leade:

My people to deuoure and spoyle,
and eate them vp lyke breade:

But they shall feelee a fearefull tyme,
When God shall say to them:

Standyng among the company
of good and ryghteous men.

Ye mockt the counsaill of the poze,
on God when they dyd call:

But they did put their trust in God,
and he dyd helpe theym all.

But who shall geue thy people health,
and when wilt thou fulfill:

C. l.

The

Psalmes of Dauid

The promise made to Israell,
from out of Syon hill:

And tourne their thrall to libertie,
in bonde that long are ladde:

That Jacob maie therin reioyce,
and Israell shalbe gladde.

Domine quis habitabit. Psalmc. xv.

To those that lead a godly life,

the Lorde dooeth promise reste:

The fruites of their vnfaigned faithe,
are liuely bere expreste.

D Lorde within thy Tabernacle,
who shall inhabite still:

Oz whom wilt thou receiue to rest,
in thy moste holy hill:

The man whose life is vncorrupte,
whose woorkes are iust and streight:
whose harte doeth speake the very truth
whose tongue dooeth no deceit.

For to his neighbour dooeth none ill,
in body, gooddes, oz name:

He seketh not to bryng his friend,
to take rebuke and shame.

That in his harte regardeth not,
malicious wicked men:

But

In Metre.

But those that loue and feare the **Lorde**,
he maketh muche of theim.

His othe and all his promises,
that kepeth faithfully:
Although he make his couenaunt so,
that he dooeth lose thereby.

That putteth not to vsurie,
his money and his coigne:
Ne for to hurte the innocent:
dooeth bribe or els purloigne.

Who so dooeth all thynges as ye see,
that here is to be dooen:
Shall neuer perishe in this worlde,
no2 in the worlde to come.

Conserua me domine. Psal. xvi.
*we nede no bloudie Sacrifice,
Christ ones for all was slain:
And rose again from death and hell,
thei could hym not retain.*

Lorde kepe me for I trust in thee,
and dooe confesse in deede:
Thou art my God and of my good,
O **Lorde** thou hast no neede.

I geue my goodnesse to the saintes,
that in the worlde dooe dwell:

C.ii.

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And namely to the faithfull flocke,
in vertue that excell.

As for their bloudie Sacrifice,
and offrynges of that kynde:

I will haue none, nor yet their name,
for to be had in mynde.

For why, the Lorde the porcion is,
of myne enheritance:

And he it is that will restore,
to me my lotte and chaunce.

The place wherin my lotte dyd fall,
in beautie dyd excell:

Myne heritage assignde to me,
Dooeth please me wonderous well.

I thank the lord that counsaile me,
to vnderstande the right:

By whose aduise I seke remorse,
of conscience in the nyght.

I set the Lorde beefore myne yies,
and trust hym ouer all:

And he dooth stand on my right hande,
lest I myght happily fall.

Wherfore my harte is very glad,
my glozy muche encrease.

That

Psalmes of Dauid

That at the last I shalbe sure,
my fleshe in hope shall rest.

Thou wilt not leaue my soule in hell
for Lozde thou louest me:

No: yet wilt geue thine holy one,
corruption for to see.

But rather to the pathe of lyfe,
wilt gladly me restore:

For at thy right hande is my ioy,
and shalbe euermore.

Exaudi domine. Psal. xvii.

*Gods church, mans doctrine dooeth despise,
his woorde alone to trust:*

*The worldly wyshe none other wealth,
but here to liue at lust.*

Lorde heare out my right request,
Attende when I complain:
And heare my praier that I put forth,
with lippes that dooth not fayn.

And let the iudgement of my cause,
proceede alway from thee:

For thou dooest ponder and perceyue,
what thyng is equitie.

Searche out and trye me in the night
and thou shalt nothyng fynde:

C.iii.

That

Psalmes of Dauid

That I haue spoken with my tongue:
that was not in my mynde.

But from the wordes of wicked men,
and pathes peruerse and ill:
For loue of thy moste holy worde,
I haue refrained still.

Then in thy pathes that be moste pure
Lorde thou maiest me preserue:
That from the waie wherin I walke,
my steppes maie neuer swerue.

For I dooe call to thee O Lorde,
for succour and for aied:
Then heare my praier and waie right
the wordes that I haue saied. (well,

Be good to those that trust in thee,
and in thy faith dooe stande:
But pitie not those that relist,
the power of thy right hande.

And kepe me Lorde as thou wouldest
the apple of thyne eye: (kepe,
And vnder couert of thy winges,
Defende me secretly.

From wicked men that trouble me,
and daieily me annoye:

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And from my foes that go aboute,
my soule for to destroye.

Whiche wallow in their worldly welth
so full and eke so fatte :

That in their pride thei dooe not spare,
to speake thei care not what.

Thei lie in waite where I should passe
with craft me to confounde:

And musyng mischief in their myndes,
thei cast their eyes to grounde.

Muche like a Lion greedely,
that would his prairie embrace:

Oz lurking like a Lions whelpe,
within some secreete place.

Up Lorde, and ouertourne these folke
disperse theim like a God:

Redeme my soule from wicked men,
whiche are the sweard and rod.

I meane from worldly men, to whom
all worldly gooddes are rise :

That haue no hope nor part of ioye,
but in this present life.

But of thy store for to be filde,
with pleasures to their mynde:

C.iiii.

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And to haue chyldzen vnto whome,
they may leaue all behynde.

But I shall come befoze thy face,
bothe innocent and cleare:
And all my ioye shall be when thou,
in glozpe shalt appeare.

Coeli enarrant. Psal. xix.

*All creatures sette Gods glory foertbe,
his woorde and lawe dooth fyll:
The worlde throughout as hony swete,
conuerting soules from yll.*

The heauens and the firmament,
doe wonderously declare:
The glozpe of God omnipotent,
his woorkes and what they are.

Eche daye declareth by his course,
an other day to come:
And by the nyght, we knowe lyke wyse,
a nyghtly course to runne.

There is no langage, tong, oz speche,
where their sounde is not herde:
In all the earthe and coastes therof,
their knowledge is conferde.

In them the Lorde made royally,
a settle for the sunne:

where

In Metre.

Where lyke a Gyaunt ioyfully,
he myght his iourney runne.

And all the skie from ende to ende,
he compass rounde aboute:

No man can hyde hym from his heate,
but he wyll fynde hym out.

So perfecte is the lawe of God,
his testimony sure:

Conuertynge soules, and maketh wyse,
the symple and obscure.

Iust is the iudgement of the Lorde,
and gladdeth harte and mynde:

Pure his precept and geueth light,
to eies that be full blynde.

The feare of God is very cleane,
and dooeth endure for euer:

The iudgementes of the Lorde ar true
and ryghtuous all togyther.

And more to bee embraist of thee,
then fyned golde I say:

The hony and the hony combe,
are not so sweete as they.

By them be all thy seruantes taught,
to haue thee in regarde:

C.b.

And

In Metre.

And in perfourmaunce of thesame,
there shalbe greate rewarde.

But Lorde, what yearthly man doeth
how oft he dooeth offende: (knowe,
Then cleanse my soule from secrete sinne,
my life that I maie mende.

And kepe me that p̄sūptuous synns,
p̄uail not ouer me:
And then shall I be innocent,
and greate offences flee.

Accept my mouthe and eke my harte,
my wordes and thoughtes eche one:
For my redemer and my strength,
O Lorde thou art alone.

Exaudiat te deus. Psalme. xx.

*As God preserued Christ his soonne,
in trouble and in thrall:*

*So when we call vpon the Lorde,
he will preserue vs all.*

In trouble and aduersites,
the Lorde will heare thee still:
The Maiestie of Jacobs God,
will thee defende from ill.

And sende thee from his holy place,
his helpe at euery neede:

And

In Metre.

And so in Syon stablish thee,
and make thee strong in deede.

Remembryng well the Sacrifice,
that thou to hym hast dooen:
And dooeth receiue right thankfully,
thyne offrynges euerychone.

Accordyng to thy hartes desire,
the Lorde will geue to thee:
And all thy counsaill and deuise,
full well perfourme will he.

In thy saluacion we reioyce,
and magnifie the Lorde:
That thy petitions and request,
preserued with his worde.

The Lorde will his annoynted saue,
I knowe well by his grace:
And sende him health fro his right hand,
out of his holy place.

In Charettes some put confidence,
and some in horses trust:
But we remembre God our Lorde,
that kepeth promise iust.

Thei fall doune flat, but we dooe rise,
and stande by stedfastly:

Now

In Metre.

Howe saue and helpe vs lord and kyng
on thee when we doo crye.

Domine in virtute. Psal. xxi.

*Christes kingdome here he dooeth describe,
with his eternall power:*

*All that rise vp, hym to resyst,
his right hande shall deuoure.*

Howde howe ioyfull is the kyng,
in thy strength and thy power:
Howe vehemently he dooeth reioyce,
in thee his sauour.

For thou haste geuen vnto hym,
his godly hartes desire:
To hym hast thou nothyng denied,
of that he dyd require.

Thou didst preuēt hym with thy giftes
and blessinges manyfolde:
And thou hast sette vpon his hedde,
a crowne of perfecte golde.

And when he asked life of thee,
therof thou madest hym sure:
To haue long lyfe, yea suche a lyfe,
as euer shoulde endure.

Great is his glory by thy helpe,
thy benefite and ayde:

Great

In Metre.

greate worship and greate honoꝝ bothe;
thou hast vpon hym laied:

Thou wilt geue hym felcitee,
that neuer shall decaie:

And with thy cherefull countenaunce,
wilt comfort hym alwaie.

For why the king doeth strongly trust
in God for to preuaile:

Therefore his goodnesse and his grace,
will not that he shall quaille.

But let thyne enemies feelee thy force,
and those that thee withstande:

And finde out thy foes and let them feelee,
the power of thy right hande.

And like an ouen burne theim Lorde,
in fire flame and fume:

Thyne anger will destroy them all,
and fire will them consume.

And thou wilt roote out the yearth,
their fruite that should encrease:

And from the number of thy folke,
their seede shall ende and cease.

For why, much mischief did thei muse
against thy holy name:

Pet

Psalmes of Dauid

Yet did thei faile and had no power,
for to perfourme thesame.

Therefore shalt thou right ballantly,
put theim to flight and chase:
And charge thy bowestrynges redily,
against thyne enemies face.

Be thou exalted Lorde therefore,
in thy strength euery houre:
So shall we syng right solemnely,
praisyng thy might and power.

Ad te domine leuauit. Psal. xxv.

*For aide against her enemies,
the faithfull church dooeth praie,
For paciēce in aduersitee:
and for the perfecte waie.*

ILike myne harte to thee,
my God and guide moſte iuſte:
Now ſuffer me to take no ſhame,
for in thee dooe I truſte.

Let not my ſoes reioyce,
nor make a ſcorne of me:
And let them not be overthrowen,
that put their truſt in thee.

Confounde are all ſuche,
whoſe dooynges are but vaine:

In Metre.

O lord therefore thy pathes and waies,
declare vnto me plain.

ly, Directe me in thy strength,
and teache me I thee praise:
Thou art my God and sauour,
that helpeth me euery daie.

Thy mercies manyfolde,
I praise thee Lord remember:
And eke thy pitie plentiful,
that dooeth endure for euer.

Remember not the faultes,
and frailtie of my youthe:
Remember not how ignoraunte,
I haue been of thy trueth.

Now after my desertes,
let me thy mercie finde:
But of thyne awne benignitie,
Lord haue me in thy minde.

His mercie is full swete,
his trueth the perfecte waie:
Therefore the Lord will geue a lawe,
to them that go astrae.

For all the waies of God,
are trueth and mercie bothe.

Psalmes of David

To them that seke his testament,
the wytnesse of his trothe.

Nowe for thy holy name,
O Lorde I thee entreate:
To graunt me pardon for my synne,
for it is wonderous greate.

Who so dooth feare the Lorde,
the Lorde doothe hym directe:
To leade his lyfe in suche a way,
as he dooth best accepte.

His soule shall euermore,
in goodnesse dwell and stande:
His seede and his posteritie,
enherite shall the lande.

To those that feare the Lorde,
he is a firmament:
And vnto them he dooth declare,
his wyll and testament.

My eares and eke my harte,
to hym I wyll aduaunce:
That pluckt my feete out of the snare,
of wyllfull ignoraunce.

With mercy me beholde,
to thee I make my mone:

In Metre.

For I am poore and solitarie,
counfortlesse alone.

The troubles of myne harte,
are multiplied in deede:
Bryng me out of this miserie,
necessitie and neede.

Beholde my pouertie,
myne anguyshe and my pain:
Remit my synne and myne offence,
and make me cleane again.

O Lorde beholde my foes,
how thei dooe still encrease:
Pursuyng me with dedly hate,
that fain would liue in peace.

Preserue and kepe my soule,
and eke deliuer me:
And let me not be ouerthrowen,
because I trust in thee.

The iust and innocent,
by me dooe sticke and stande:
Because I looke for to receiue,
my succout at thy hande.

Deliuer Lorde thy folke,
that be of thy belief:

D. l.

Deliuer

Psalmes of Dauid

Deliuer Lorde thyne Iſrael,
from all his pain and grief.

Ad te domine clamabo. Psal. xxviii

*This Psalm setteth out the Phariseis,
with flatteryng hartes vncleane:
And sheweth how God is all our strength,
by Christ our onely meane.*

Lorde I call to thee for helpe;
And if thou me forsake:
I shalbe likened vnto them,
that fall into the lake.

The voyce of thy suppliaunt heare,
that vnto thee dooeth crie:
When I lift vp myne harte and handes,
vnto thy heauens hie.

Repute not me emong the sorte,
of wicked and peruerter:
That speake right faire vnto their frends,
and thynke full ill in herte.

According to their handie work,
as thei deserue in deede:
And after their inuencions,
let theim receiue their meede.

Thei not regard the workes of God,
his lawe ne yet his loze:

[Therefore

In Metre.

Therefore will he their workes and theim,
Destroie for euermore.

To render thanks vnto the Lorde,
how greate a cause haue I:

My voyce, my prayer, and my complaint
that heard so willingly.

He is my shield and fortitude,
my buckler in distresse:

My hope, my helpe, my hartes relief,
my song shall hym confesse.

He is our strength and our defence,
our enemies to resist:

The health and the saluacion,
of his electe by Christ.

Thy people and thyne heritage,
thy blessed worde preserve:

Extoll thy flocke with faithfull foode,
that thei maie neuer swerue.

Afferte domino Psal xxix.

As David did the temple decke,

with yearthly Sacrifice:

So Christes church with spirituall giftes,

ye must adorne likewise.

Gue to the Lorde ye Potentates,
and Princes of the worlde:

D.ii.

Pe

Psalmes of Dauid

The rambes that guide the christen flocke
geue laude vnto the Lorde.

Geue glozy to his holy name;
and honour hym alone:
worship hym in his maiestie,
within his holy throne.

His voice doeth cule the waters all,
euen as hymself dooeth please:
He dooeth prepare the thunder clappes,
and gouerneth all the seas.

Of vertue is the voyce of God,
and wonderous excellent:
Of full greate purpose and effecte,
and muche magnificente.

His voyce doeth breake in Libanus,
the Cedze trees full long.
Whiche for their highnesse are comparde
to mightie men and strong.

Whom God will strike with fearful-
and make them all as milde: (nesse,
As calues that come to Sacrifice,
or Unicorne's full wilde.

His voyce deuiddeth flames of fire,
and shaketh the wildernesse:

In Metre.

He maketh the desert quake for feare,
that called is Cadeg.

His voyce doeth make the wild harts
and maketh the couert playne: (tame.
And in his temple euery man,
His glozy dooth proclaime.

He staid the rage of Noes floud,
and stopped the redde see:
And kepeth his seate as lord and kyng,
in his eternitee.

The lord doth geue his people power
in vertue to encrease:
The lorde dooth blesse his people eke,
with euerlastyng peace.

Beati quorum. Psal. xxxii.

God promiseth saluacion,
to the repentant herte:
Of his mere mercie and his grace.
not for the mannes deserte.

The man is blest whose wickednes,
the lorde hath cleane remitted:
And he whose synne and wretchednesse,
is hyd also and couered.

And blest is he to whome the Lorde,
imputeth not his synne:

D iii

whiche

Psalmes of Dauid

Whiche in his harte hath hid no guile,
nor fraude is founde therin.

For whiles that I kept close my sinne
in silence and constrainte:

My bones did waste and weare awaie,
with daieley mone and plainte.

For night and daie, thy hande on me,
so greuous was and smerte:
That all my bloud and humours moiest
to drinesse did conuerte.

But when I had confest my faultes,
and shroue me in thy sight:
My self accusyng of my synne,
thou didst forgeue me quite.

Let euery good man praie therefore,
and thanke the Lorde in tyme:
And then the floudes of euill thoughtes,
shall haue no power of hym.

When trouble and aduersitee,
dooe compasse me about:
Thou art my refuge and my ioye,
and thou dooest ridde me out.

I shall instruct thee, saith the Lorde
how thou shalt walke and serue.

And

In Metre.

And bende myne eyes vpon thy waies,
and so shall thee preserve.

Be not therefore so ignoraunt,
as is the Ass and Mule:
Whose mouthe without a rein or bitte,
yet cannot guide or rule.

Foz many be the miseries,
that wicked men sustain:
Yet vnto them that trust in God,
his goodnesse dooeth remain.

Be mery therefore in the Lorde,
ye iust lift vp your voyce:
And ye of pure and perfect harte,
be glad and eke reioyce.

Benedicam dominum. Psal. xxiii.
*The Prophete Dauid praiseth God,
warnyng vs to forbear:
From euill, and exhorteth vs,
to liue in godlie feare.*

I Will geue laude and honour bothe
vnto the Lorde alwaies:
And eke my mouthe foz euermore,
shall speake vnto his praise.

I dooe delight to laude the Lorde,
in soule and eke in voyce:

D. iiii.

That

Psalmes of Dauid

That simple men that suffre pain:
maie heare and so reioyce.

Therefore see that ye magnifie,
with me the liuyng Lorde:
And let vs now exalte his name,
together with one accorde.

For I my self besought the Lorde,
he answered me again,
And me deliuered incontinente,
from all my feare and pain.

Who so thei be that hym beholde,
and shewe hym their vnrrest:
He dasheth not their countenaunce,
but graunteth their request.

Who so in their afflictions,
vnto the Lorde dooeth call:
He heareth their suite without delaie,
and rideth them out of thral.

The Angell of the Lorde doeth pitche
his tentes in euery place:
To saue all suche as feare the Lorde,
that nothyng them deface.

Se and consider well therefore,
that God is good and iuste:

And

In Metre.

And thei be blest that put in hym,
thei onely faith and truste.

Feare ye the Lorde his holy ones,
aboue all yearthly thyng:
For thei that feare the liuyng Lorde,
are sure to lacke nothyng.

The mightie and the riche shall want,
yea, thirst and hunger muche:
But as for them that feare the Lorde,
no lacke shalbe to suche.

Come nere therefore my childzen dere
and to my wordes geue eare:
I shall you teache the perfect waie,
how you the Lorde should feare.

Who so would leade a blessed life,
must earenestly deuise:
His tongue and lippes from all deceipte,
to kepe in any wise.

And tourne his face from dooyng ill,
and dooe the godlie deede:
Enquire for peace and quietnesse,
and folowe her with speede.

For why, the eyes of God aboue,
vpon the iust are bente:

D. v. His

Psalmes of Dauid

His eares likewise are geuen muche,
to heare the innocente.

The Lorde dooeth froune & bende his
bpon the wicked train: (b)owes
And cutteth awaie the memorie,
that shoud of theim remain.

But when the iuste dooe call and crie,
the Lorde dooeth heare them so:
That out of pain and miserie,
foorthwith he let them go.

The Lorde is kynde and mercifull,
to suche as be contrite:

He saueyth also the sozowfull,
the meke and pooze in spirite.

Full many be the miseries,
that righteous men dooe suffre:
But out of all aduersitees,
the Lorde dooeth theim deliuer.

The Lorde doeth so preserve and kepe
the bones of his alwaie:

That not so muche as one of them,
dooeth perishe or decate.

The wicked die full wretchedly,
thei seke none other boote:

And

In Metre.

And those that hate the righteous men,
are pluckt vp by the roote.

But thei that serue the liuyng Lorde,
the Lorde dooeth saue them sounde:
And who that put their trust in hym,
nothyng shall theim confounde.

Beatus qui intelligit. Psal. xli.

*The Lorde will helpe that man again,
that helpeth poore and weake.*

*The Passion here is figured,
and resurreccion eke.*

The man is blest that carefull is,
the nedy to consider:
For in the season perilous,
the Lorde will hym deliuer.

The Lorde will make hym safe and
and happie in the lande: (sounde,
And he will not deliuer hym,
into his enemies hande.

And in his bedde when he lieth sicke,
the Lorde will hym restore:
And thou O Lorde will turne to health,
his sickenesse and his soze.

And in my sickenesse thus saie I,
haue mercie Lorde on me:

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And heale my soule whiche is full wo,
that I offended thee.

Myne enemies gaue me yll report,
And thus of me they say:
When shall he dye that all his name
may banysh the quite awaye.

And wheras they go in and out,
foz to beholde and see:
They muse much mischief in their hartes
what so their sayinges bee.

Myne enemies runne against me still
tog ether on a throng:

To take a counsaile and conspire,
howe they may dooe me wrong.

Algreynge on a wycked woorde,
and doo determyne playne:

Be he destroyed with death say they,
He shall not ryle agayne.

The man eke that I trusted most,
with me dyd vse deceipte:
Whiche ate with me the breade of lyfe,
thesame foz me layde wayte.

Haue mercy lorde on me therfoze,
and let me bee preseruede:

That

In Metre.

That I maie render vnto them,
the thynges thei haue deserude.

By this I knowe assuredly,
to be beloued of thee:

When that myne enemies haue no cause
to triumphe ouer me.

Because that I am innocente,
Lorde strength me I thee praise:

And in thy presence poynt my place,
where I shall dwell for aye.

The Lorde the God of Israell,
be praised now therefore:
whiche hath been euerlastyngly,
and shalbe euermore.

Iudica me deus. Psal. xliii.

*The wofull minde whom wicked men,
would with their ill infecte:*

*Dooeth call to God for light and truthe,
his steppes for to directe.*

Iudge & defende my cause O Lorde
from those that euill be:
from wicked and deceiptfull men,
O Lorde deliuer me.

For of my strength thou art the God,
why puttest me thee fro:

And

Psalmes of David

And why walke I so heauely,
oppresed with my so:

Sende out thy light & eke thy truthe,
and leade me with thy grace:
Bryng me into thy holy hill,
and to thy dwellyng place.

That I maie to the altare go,
of God my ioye and chere:
And on my Harpe geue thanks to thee,
O God, my God moſte dere.

Why art thou then ſo ſadde my ſoull,
thus troubled and afraied:
Still truſt in God, for yet will I,
geue thanks to hym for aied.

Deus auribus percipe. *Psalmes xliiii.*
Gods people ſhewe how wonderfly,
he holpe their fathers olde.
And muche lamenc that now from thens,
his hande he dooeth withholde.

OUR eares haue heard our fathers
and reuerently recozde: (tell,
The wonderous workes that thou haſt
in alder tyme O Lorde. (dooen,
How thou diſt wede the Gētiles out,
and ſtroied them with ſtrong hande:
Plantyng

In Metre.

Plantynge our fathers in their place,
and gauest to them their lande.

It was not Lorde our fathers swerd
that purchast theim that place:

It was thy hande, thine arme, thy light,
thy countenaunce and grace.

Thou art the king our God that holpe
Jacob in sundrie wise:

Ledde with thy power we threwe doune
as did against thee rise. (suche,

We trusted not in bowe ne swerde,
thei could not saue vs sounde:

Thou keptst vs from our enemies rage,
thou didst our foes confounde.

And still we boast of thee our God,
and praise thy holy name:

Yet now thou goest not with our hoste,
but leauest vs to shame.

Whereby we flee befoze our foes,
and so be ouertrode:

Yea, killed of the Heathē folke like shepe
and scattered all abrode.

Thy people thou hast solde like slaues,
in open market steepe:

Psalmes of Dauid

For no reward, as though they were,
of none account in deede.

And to our neighbors thou hast made
of vs a laughynge stocke:

And those that rounde aboute vs dwell,
at vs dooe grinne and mocke.

The Gentiles talke, the people scoorne
we be ashamed to see:

How full of slaunder and reproche,
our wicked enemies bee.

For all this we forget not thee,
nor yet thy couenaunt brake:
We tourne not backe our hartes fro thee,
nor yet thy pathes forsake.

Yet thou hast trode vs downe to duste,
where dennes of Dragons bee:
And couered vs with dedly darke,
and greate aduersitee.

And if we had forgot thy name,
and helpe of Idoles sought:
Then hadst thou cause vs to correcte,
but Lorde thou knowest our thought.

And how that for thy sake, O Lorde,
we be tormented thus:

In Metre.

As shepe were to the chambles sent,
right so thei deale with vs.

Up Lorde, why slepest thou, awake,
and leaue vs not for all:

why hidest thou thy countenance,
and dooest forget our thrall?

For downe to dust our soule is brought
our wombe to yearth dooeth take:

Arise, helpe and deliuer vs,

Lorde for thy mercies sake.

Audite hec Gentes. Psalme. xlix.

Though riche men doo oppresse the poore,
discourage not therefore:

For vainly trustyng in their gooddes,
thei perishe euermore.

A people hearken and geue eare,
to that that I shall tell:

Bothe hie and lowe, bothe riche and poore
that in the worlde dooe dwell.

For why my mouthe shall make dis-
of many thinges right wise: (cours,
In vnderstandyng shall my harte,
his studie exercise.

I will encline myne eare to knowe,
the parable of the darke:

E.i.

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And open all my doubtfull speache,
in metre on my Harpe.

The wicked daies and euill tyme,
why should I feare or doubt?
When the oppressours mischeuous,
dooe compasse me aboute?

For some there be that riches haue;
in whom their trust is moſte:

And of their treasure infinite,
themselues dooe bragge and boſte;

No man can yet by any meane,
his brothers death redeme:

Or make agremente accepta-
ble vnto God for hym.

Or paie the raunsome for his soule;
that he maie liue for euer:

And tast of no corruption,
this lieth in no mannes powet.

We ſe that wiſe men die aſſone,
as fooliſhe men and fonde:

And bothe dooe leaue to other men,
their gooddes and eke their londe.

Although thei bulde the houses faire
and dooe determine ſure:

To

In Metre.

To make their name right great in erth,
for euer to endure.

We see again it is not geuen,
with riches to haue rest:
But in that poincte, a riche man is,
compared to a beast.

This is the foolishe waie thei walke,
with pompe to get them fame:
And all their friendes that folowe them,
Dooe muche commende the same.

Whom death will sone deuoure like
when thei are brought to hell: (Heere,
Then shall the iuste in light reioyce,
when thei in darkenesse dwell.

Pet for all this I trust that God,
will saue my soulle from pain:
And from all suche infernall power,
and counforte me again.

If any man ware wonderous riche,
feare not I saie therefore:
Although the glozy of his house,
encreaseth more and more.

For when he dieth of all these thinges
nothyng shall he receiue:

Psalmes of Dauid

His glozy will not folowe hym,
his pompe will take her leaue.

Yet in his life he taketh hymself,
the happiest vnder Sonne:
And dooeth commende all other men,
that dooeth as he hath dooen.

But when he shall go to his kynde,
where his foresathers be:
He shall his felowes finde full darke,
that light shall neuer se.

A foolish man whom riches hath,
to honour thus pferde:
That doeth not knowe and vnderstande
is to a beast comparde.

Deus deus meus. Psal. lxiii.

*whereas Christes kingdome is oppressed,
the iuste desire of God:*

*Above all wealth that his pure worde,
maie frely come abrode.*

God my God, I watche to come,
to thee in all the haste:
For why, my soule and body bothe,
dooe thirst of thee to taste.

As drought of yearth would water
so I desire eche hower:

For

In Metre.

For to beholde thy holy house,
thy glozy and thy power.

Thy goodnesse passeth woꝛldly life,
and these vncertain daies:

My lippes therfore shall geue to thee,
due honour, lande, and praise.

And whyles I liue I will not faile,
to woꝛship thee alwaie:

And in thy name I shall lift vp,
my handes when I dooe praise.

My soule is greatly satisfied,
and fareth wonders well:

Whē that my mouthe with ioyfull lippes
thy laude and praise dooeth tell.

Bothe in my bedde I thinke of thee,
and in the euenyng tide:

For vnder couerte of thy wynges,
thou art my ioyfull guide.

My soule dooeth surely sticke to thee,
thy right hande is my power:

And those that seke my soule to stroye,
the sword shall them deuoure.

The kyng and all men shall reioyce,
that dooe professe Gods worde:

Psalmes of Dauid

Foꝛ liers mouthes shall now be stoppe,
that haue the truthe disturbe.

Exurgat deus. Psal. lxxviii.

*Christes glorious kingdome is declarede,
and how he should ascende:*

*The church throughout the worlde dooeth ioye,
the lewes lawe taketh his ende.*

Let God arise, and then his foes,
will tourne theimselfes to flight:
His enemies then will runne abroade,
and scatter out of sight.

And as the fire dooeth melt the waxe,
and winde blowe smoke awaie:
So in the presence of the Lorde,
the wicked shall decaie.

But when the Lorde shall come to vs
let righteous men reioyce:
Let them be glad and mery all,
and cherefull in their voyce.

And syng out laude vnto the Lorde,
his name to magnifie:
That sitteth as a sauoure,
Aboue the starrie skie.

That same is he that is aboue,
withyn the holy place:

That

In Metre.

That father is of fatherlesse,
and Iudge of wedowes case.

That same is he that in one mynde,
the houtholde dooeth preserue:

That byngeth bondmen out of thral,
when wicked men dooe sterue.

When thou wentest out in wildernesse
thy maiestie did make:

The yearth to quake, the heauens drop,
the mounte Sinai to shake.

Thine heritage with droppes of grace
full liberally is weashte:

And when thy people mourne and plain,
by thee thei be refreashte.

There shall thy congregacion dwell,
where thou dooest poincte the place:

Yea, for the poore thou dooest prepare,
of thyne especiall grace.

Thou doest commende thy worde
and geue thyne holy spirite: (Lorde
To all that preache thy Gospell pure,
thy glory and thy might.

Kynges with their hostes shall flee a-
thy worde shall geue the foyle: (waie,

E.iii,

The

Psalmes of Dauid

The houtholde of the liuyng Lorde,
shall then deuide the spoyle.

Then shall the churche be innocente,
and white as siluer fine:
And in good life moze oziently,
then beaten golde shall shine.

When he that ruleth yearthly kynges,
in yearth shall order so:

Then shall the hill of Salmon be,
as white as Milke or Snowe.

Sens Basan is the hill of God,
and fructfull euery whit:

Then ye the membzres of that hill,
why hoppe ye out of it:

Sens God is pleased wondrous well,
to dwell within this hill:

And therin dooeth determine plain,
for to continue still.

Whose charettes & his Angelles eke,
be thousandes on a throng:

As in the mount of Sinai,
the Lorde is them emong.

The Lorde ascended vp on hie,
and ledde them bounde with hym:

That

In Metre.

That long before in bondage laie,
of death and dedly synne.

And as a man receiued giftes,
and gaue them vnto men:
Yea, to his foes he gaue his spirite,
that God might dwell in them.

Now praised bee the Lorde therefore,
and dailely let vs praise:
Our God that with his benefites,
dooeth prospere vs alwaies.

He is the God from whom alone,
saluacion cometh plain:
He is the God by whom we scape,
from euerlastyng pain.

This God will wounde his enemies
and breake the hearie scalpe: (hedde,
Of those that in their wickednesse,
continually dooe walke.

From Babilon will I bryng saied he,
my people and my shepe:
And all myne owne as I haue dooen,
from daunger of the depe.

And make them dip their fete in bloud
of those that hate my name:

E. v.

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And dogges shall haue their tongues em
with lickyng of the same. (b2wed)

All men maie se how thou O God,
thyne enemies dooest deface:
And how thou goest as God and kyng:
into thy holy place.

The syngers go befoze with ioye,
the Minstrels folowe after:
And in the middes the damosels plaie,
with Timbrell and with Taber.

Now in thy congregacions,
O Israell praise the Lorde:
And from the botome of thy harte,
geue thanks with one accorde.

Thy chief is litle Benjamin,
thy counsaill Princes been:
Of Iuda and of Zabulon,
and eke of Nephthalim.

As God hath geuen power to thee,
so Lorde make firme and sure:
The thing that thou hast wrought in vs
for euer to endure.

Then for thy tēples sake shall kynges
geue giftes to thee alwaies:

Greater

In Metro.

Greater then at Ierusalem,
of euerlastyng praise.

When thou shalt wast the waueryng
that rage against all right: (folke

The stoute, the nice, the money men,
and those that loue to fight.

Then out of Egypt shall thei come,
that long haue been full blynde:

The Gentiles then shall reconcile,
to God their synfull mynde.

Then shall the kyngdomes of y^e perth,
syng praises to the Lorde:

That ouer all dooeth sit and sende,
to vs his mightie worde.

Therefore the strength of Israell,
ascribe to God on hie:

Whose might and power doeth farre ex-
aboue the cloudie skie. (tende,

Gods holinesse is wonderfull,
and drade for euermore:

And he will geue his people power,
praised be God therefore.

Quoniam bonus. Psal. lxxiii.

He wondreth how the foes of God,
dooeth prospere and encrease:

And

Psalmes of Dauid

*And how the good and godlie men,
dooe seldome liue in peace.*

How good is God to suche as be,
Of pure and perfecte harte:
Yet slippe my feete awoale from hym,
my steppes decline aparte,

And why, because I fondly fall,
in enuie and disdaine:

That wicked men all thynges enioye,
without disease oz pain.

And beare no yoke vpon their necke,
noz burthen on their backe,
And as for stoz of worldly gooddes,
thei haue no wante oz lacke.

And free from all aduersitee,
when other men bee thente:
And with the rest thei take no parte,
of plague oz punishmente.

Whereby thei be full gloziously,
in pride so high extolde:
And in their wzong and violence,
be wzapt so manyfolde.

That by aboundance of their gooddes
thei please their appetite:

And

In Metre.

And dooe all thynges accordingly,
vnto their hartes delighte.

All thynges are vile in their respecte,
sauyng themselues alone:

Thei bragge their mischief openly,
to make their powet be knowen.

The heauens and the liuyng Lorde,
thei care not to blaspheme:

And looke what thyng thei talke or saie,
the worlde dooeth well esteeme.

The flocke theretofore of flatterers,
dooe furnishe vp their train:

For there thei be full sure to sucke,
some profite and some gain.

Tuthe tuthe saie thei to themselues,
is there a God aboue:

That knoweth and sustreth all this ill,
and will not vs reprove:

Lo, ye maie se how wicked men,
in riches still encrease:

Rewardes well with worldly gooddes,
and liue in rest and peace.

Then why dooe I from wickednesse,
my phantasie refrain:

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And walthe my handes with innocentes,
and clense my harte in vaine:

And suffre scourges every daie,
as subiecte to all blame:

And every moynynge from my youth,
sustain rebuke and shame.

And I had almoste saied as thei,
mislikynge myne estate:
But that I shuld my chyldzen iudge,
as folke vnfortunate.

Then I bethought me how I might,
this matter vnderstande:

But yet the labour was to greate,
for me to take in hande.

Untill the tyme I went into
thy holy place, and then:

I vnderstoode right perfectly,
the ende of all these men.

And namely how thou settest them,
vpon a slippery place:

And at thy pleasure and thy will,
thou dooest them all deface.

Then lorde how sone do thei consume
and fearfully decaie:

Muche

In Metre.

eg, Muche like a dreame whē one awaketh,
the Image passeth awaie.

Thus greued was my harte full soze,
my mynde was muche opprest:

So fonde was I and ignoraunt,
and in thy sight a beast.

Pet neuerthelesse by my right hande,
thou holdest me alwaies fast:

And with thy counsaill dooest me guide
to glozy at the last.

ht, What place is there prepared then,
for me in heaue aboue?

There is nothyng in yearth like thee,
that I desire oz loue.

My fleshe and eke my harte do feare,
but God dooeth faile me neuer:

For of my harte God is the strength,
my porcion eke for euer.

And lo, all suche as thee forsake,
shall perishe euerychone:

And those that trust in any thyng,
saung in thee alone.

Attendite, Psalme. lxxviii.

*The couenaunt and the wonderous workes,
of God in Israell:*

Ans

Psalmes of Dauid

*And how he troubled them with plagues,
and yet how oft thei fell.*

Atende my people to my lawe,
And to my wordes encline:
My mouthe shall speake straunge para-
and sentences diuine. (bles,

whiche we our selues haue heard and
euen of our fathers olde: (seen,
And whiche for our instruction,
our fathers haue vs tolde.

Because we should not kepe it close,
for them that should come after:
But shewe the power and glorie of God,
and all his workes of wonder.

With Iacob he the couenaunt made,
how Israell should liue:
And made their fathers the same lawe,
vnto their childzen geue.

That thei and their posteritee,
that were not sprong by tho:
Should haue the knowelege of the lawe,
and teache their seede also.

That thei might haue the better hope,
in God that is aboue:

And

In Metre.

And not forget to kepe his lawes,
and his preceptes in loue.

Not beyng as their fathers were,
a kinde of suche a spirite:

That would not frame their wicked hart
to knowe their God a right. (tes,

How went the people of Ephraim,
their neighbours for to spoyle:

Shotynge their dartes the daie of warre
and yet thei toke the foyle.

For why, thei did not kepe with God,
the couenaunt that was made:

For yet would walke or lead their lines
accoording to his trade.

But put into obliuion,
his counsaill and his will:

And all his workes moste magnifiquē,
whiche he declareth stil.

What wonders to our forefathers,
dyd he him self disclose:

In Egypt lande within the field,
that called is Thaneos.

He did deuide and cut the sea,
that thei might passe it ones:

J. i.

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And made the water stande as still,
as dooeth an heape of stones.

He ledde theim secreete in a cloude,
by daie when it was bright:
And all the night when darke it was,
with fire he gaue theim light.

He brake the rockes in wildernesse,
and gaue the people drynke:
As plentiful as when the depes,
dooe flowe vp to the brinke.

He drew out riuers out of rockes,
that were bothe drie and harde:
Of suche abundance that no foudes,
to them might be comparde.

Yet for all this against the Lorde,
their synne did still encrease:
And stirred hym that is moste high,
to wraathe in wildernesse.

Attemptyng him within their hartes
like people of mistrust:
Requiryng suche a kynde of meate,
as serued to their lust.

Saiyng with murmuracion,
in their vnfaithfulnesse:

Cannot

Cannot this God prepare for vs,
a feast in wildernesse:

Beholde he strake the stonie rocke,
and floudes forthwith did flowe:
Doubte not that he can geue his folke,
bothe bread and fleshe also.

Whē God heard this, he waxed wroth,
with Iacob and his seede:
So did his indignacion,
on Israell procede.

Because thei did not faithfully,
beleue and hope that he:
Could alwaies helpe and succour them,
in their necessitee.

Wherfore he did commaunde the clow
forthwith thei brake in sunder: (des,
And rained doune (*Manna*) for thē to eate,
a foode of mikell wonder.

Whē yearthly men with angels foode
were fedde at their request:
He bad the Eastwinde blowe awaie,
and brought in the Southwest.

And rained doune fleshe as thicke as
and foule as thicke as sande: (dust,
F. ii. whiche

Psalmes of Dauid

whiche he did cast a midde the place,
where all their tentes did stande.

Then did thei eate exceedingly,
and all men had their fill:
Nothyng did want to their desire,
he gaue them all their willes.

But as the meate was in their mouth,
his wrathe vpon them fell: (thes.)
And flue the flower of all their youthe,
and choyse of Israell.

Yet fell thei to their wonted synne,
and still thei did hym greue:
For all the wonders that he wrought,
thei had no fast beleue.

Their daies therefore he shortened,
and made their honour baine:
Their yeres did wast and passe awaie,
with terrour and with pain.

But euer when he plagued them,
thei sought hym by and by:
Remembryng then he was their strength
their helpe and God mooste hie.

Though in their mouthes thei did but
and flatter with the Lorde: (glose,
And

In Metre.

And with their tongues & in their lippes
dissembled euery worde.

For why, their hartes were nothyng
to him nor to his trade: (bent,

Nor yet to kepe or to perfourme,
the couenaunt that was made.

Yet was he still so mercifull,
when thei deserved to
That he forgaue theim their misdeedes,
and would not theim deserie.

Yea, many a time he turned his wrath
and did hym self auise:

And would not suffre all his whole,
displeasure to arise.

Consideryng that thei wer but fleshe,
and euen as a winde:

That passeth awaie and cannot well,
retourne by his owne kinde.

How often tymes in wildernesse,
Did thei the Lorde prouoke?

How did thei moue and stirre their lorde
to plague theim with his stroke?

Yea, when thei were conuerted well,
of purpose thei would moue:

J.iii,

The

Psalmes of Dauid

Thy holy one of Israel,
his power for to proue.

Not thinkyng of his hand and power,
nor of the daie when he:

Delivered them out of bon-
dage of the enemye.

Nor how he wrought his miracles,
as thei themselves behelde:

In Egypte, and the wonders that,
he did in Zoan fielde.

Nor how he turned by his power,
their waters into bloude:

That no man might receiue his dzyrke,
at ryuer ne at floude.

Nor how he sent them flies and Lice,
whiche did vpon them crall:

And filled the countrey full of Frogges,
to trouble them withall.

Nor how he did commit their fruites
vnto the Caterpillar:

And all the labours of their handes,
he gaue to the Grasshopper.

With Hailestones he destroyed their
so that thei were all lost;

(vines,

And

In Metre.

And also their Mulberie trees,
he did consume with Frost.

And yet with hailestones ones again
the Lorde their cattell smote:
And at their flockes and herdes likewise
with Thunderboltes full hote.

He cast vpon them in his ire,
and in his furie strong:
Displeasure, wzathe, and angelles ill,
to trouble them emong.

Then to his wzathe he made a waie,
and spared not the least:
But gaue vnto the pestilence,
the man and eke the beast.

He strake also the first bozne all,
that bp in Egipte came:
And all that thei had laboured for,
within the Centes of Ham.

But as for all his owne dere folke,
he did preserue and kepe:
And caried them thzough wildernesse,
euen like a flocke of shepe.

Without all feare bothe safe & sounde,
he bzought them out of thzall:

J. iiii.

Whereas

Psalmes of Dauid

Wheras their foes with rage of sea,
were ouerwhelmed all.

And brought them out into the borders
of his holy lande:

Euen to the mount whiche he had purchased
with his right hande.

And there cast out the Heathen folke,
and did their lande deuide:

And in their tentes he set the Tribes,
of Israell to abide.

Yet for all this their God moste high,
thei stirred and tempted still:

And would not kepe his testament,
nor yet obeye his will.

But as their fathers tourned backe,
enen so thei went astraie:

Muche like a bowe that would not bend
but breake and starte awaie.

And greued hym with their hil altars
their lightes and with their fire:

And with their Idols vehemently,
prouoked hym to ire:

Therwith his wrath began again,
to kendle in his brest:

The

In Metre.

The nalghtinesse of Israell,
he did muche detest.

Then he forsoke the Tabernacle,
of Silo where he was:

Right conuersaunt with yearthly men,
euen as his dwelling place.

Then suffred he their might & power,
in bondage for to stande:

And gaue the beautie of his folke,
into their enemies hande.

And did commit them to the swearde,
woz the with his heritage:

The yong men were deuoured with fire,
maides had no mariage.

And with the sweard the priestes also
did perishe euerychone:

And not a widowe left aliue,
their faulte for to be mone.

And then the Lorde began to wake,
like one that slept a tyme:

Oz like a souldiour that had been,
restred wel with wine.

With Emerauldes in y hinder partes
he strake his ennemies all:

J. b.

And

Psalmes of David

And put them then vnto a shame,
that was perpetuall:

Then he the Tent and Tabernacle,
of Ioseph did refuse:

As for the tribe of Ephraim,
he would in no wise chuse.

But chose the tribe of Iuda,
wheras he thought to dwell:

Euen the mounte of Syon,
whiche he did loue so well.

Wheras he did his temple buylde,
bothe sumptuously and sure:

Like to the ground whiche he had made,
for euer to endure.

Then chose he David hym to serue,
his people for to kepe:

Whiche he tooke vp and brought awaie,
euen from the foldes of shepe.

As he did folowe the ewes with yong,
the Lorde did hym auaunce:

To fede his people of Israell,
and his enheritaunce.

Then David with a faithfull harte,
his flocke and charge did feede:

And

In Metre.

And prudently with all his power,
Did governe them in deede. c

Benedic anima mea. Psal. ~~cxiii~~ ^{cxiii}.

To God for all his benefites,
We render i thanks eche one:
Who knoweth the frailtie of vs all,
and helpeth vs alone.

My soule geue laude vnto the lord
my spirite shall dooe thesame:
And all the secretes of my harte,
praise ye his holy name.

Geue thanks to God for al his gistes
He we not thy self vnkynde:
And suffre not his benefites,
to slippe out of thy mynde.

That gaue thee pardone for thy synne
and thee restored again:
For all thy weake and fraill disease,
and healed thee of thy pain.

That did redeme thy life from death,
from whiche thou couldest not flee:
His mercie and compassion bothe,
he did extende to thee.

That filled with goodnesse thy desire,
and did prolong thy youthe:

Like

Psalmes of Dauid

Like as the Eagle casteth her bill,
whereby her age reneweth.

The lord with iustice doeth reuenge
all suche as be opprest:

The pacience of the perfecte man,
is tourned to the best.

His waies and his comaundementes,
to Moles he did shoue:

His counsailes eke with his consentes,
the Israelites dose knowe.

The Lord is kynde and mercifull,
when synners dooe hym greue:

The slowest to conceiue a wrathe,
and rediest to forgeue.

He chideth not vs continually,
though we be full of strife:

For kepeth our faultes in memorie,
for all our synnefull life.

For yet accordyng to our synnes,
the Lord dooeth vs regarde:

For after our iniquitees,
he dooeth vs not rewarde.

But as the space is wonderous great
twixt yearth and heauen aboue:

So

In Metre.

So is his goodnesse muche moze large,
to them that dooe hym loue.

He doeth remoue our synnes from vs,
and our offences all:

As farre as is the Sunne risyng,
full distaunte from his fall.

And loke what pitie parentes dere,
vnto their children beare:

Like pitie beareth the Lorde to suche,
as worshippe hym in feare.

The lorde that made vs knoweth our
our moulde and fashon iuste: (Chape,
How weake and fraile our nature is,
and how we be but duste.

And how the tyme of mortall men,
is like the witheryng haie:

Oz like the flower right faire in field,
that fadeth full sone a waie.

Whose glosse and beautie stormy win-
doe vtterly disgrace: (Des,

And make that after their assaultes,
suche blossomes haue no place.:

But yet the goodnesse of the Lorde,
with his shall euer stande:

Their

Psalmes of Dauid

Their childzens childzen dooe receiue,
his righteousnesse at hande.

That thei might kepe their promises,
with all their whole desire:
And not forget to dooe the thyng,
that he did them require.

The heauens high are made the seats
and foote stoole of the Lorde:
And by his power Imperiall,
he gouerneth all the worlde.

O ye Angelles and verteous men,
laude ye the Lorde I saie:
That ye maie bothe fulfil his bestes,
and to his woordes obeie.

His hoste and eke his ministers,
ceasse not to laude hym still:
And ye also that execute,
his pleasure and his will.

Let all his woorkes in euery place,
geue laude vnto the Lorde:
My harte my mynde, and eke my soule,
shall therunto accorde.

Ad dominum cum. Psalme. Cxx.

• The good men crie and muche lament,
that thei so long dooe dwell:

In Metre

In compaignie of carnall men,
the soannes of Ismaell.

In trouble and in thral,
Unto the Lorde I call:
And he dooeth me counferte:

Deliver me I saie,
From liers lippes alwaie,
And tongue of false reporte.

How hurtfull is the thyng,
Or els how dooeth it styng,
The tongue of suche a lier:

It hurteth no lesse I wene,
Then arrowes sharpe and keene,
Of hotte consumyng fire.

Alas to long I dwell,
with the soonne of Ismaell,
That Chedar is to name.

By whom the folke electe,
And all of Isaacs secte:
Are put to open shame.

With them that peace did hate,
I came a peace to make,
And set a quiete life:

But when my wordes was tolde,
Causeles

Psalmes of David

Causelesse I was controlde,
By them that would haue strife.

Ad te leuau. Psal. Cxxiii.

*The poore in spirite waite for the Lorde,
till thei some grace attain:*

*The proude and welthie Phariseis,
the simple folke disdain.*

Lorde that heauen doest possesse,
I liste myne eyes to thee:
Euen as the seruant listeth his,
his masters handes to se.

As handmaids watch their mastresse
some grace for to atcheue: (handes,
So we beholde the Lorde our God,
till he dooe vs forgiue.

Lorde graunt vs thy compassion,
and mercie in thy sighte:
For we be filled and ouercome,
with hatred and despite.

Our mindes be stuffed with great re
the riche and worldly wise: (buke,
Doe make of vs their mockyng stocke,
the proude dooe vs despise.

Beat. omnes. Psalmc. Cxxviii.

God

In Metre

God bleſſeth with his benefites,
The man and eke the wife:
That in his waies doo rightly walke,
and feare hym all their life.

Blessed art thou that fearest God,
And walkest in his waie:
For of thy labour shalt thou eate,
happie art thou I saie.

Like fruitful vines on the house sides
to dooeth thy wife spryng out:
Thy children stande like Olive budde,
thy table rounde aboute.

Thus art thou blest that fearest God,
and he shall let thee see:
The promised Jerusalem,
and his felicitee.

Thou shalt thy childrens children see,
to thy greate ioyes encrease:
Full quietly in Israell,
to passe their tyme in peace.

FINIS.

Here endeth the Psalmes dra-
wen into Englishe Metre
by M. Sternbolde.

G.i.

To

To the reader.



Hou hast here (gētlerēader)
vnto the Psalmes that were
drawen into Englishe Metre
by Master Sternholde. vii mo
adioynded. Not to thentent that thei shuld
bee fathered on the dedde manne, and so
through his estimacion, be the more highly
estemed: neither for that thei are in mine o-
pinion (as touchyng the Metre) in any part
to be compared with his moste exquisite do-
ynges. But especially to fill vp a place, whi-
che els shuld haue been voide, that the boke
maie rise to his iust volume. And partly for
that thei are fructefull, although thei bee
not fine: and comfortable vnto a christian
mynde, although not so pleasaunte in the
mouthe or eare. wherfore, if thou (good rea-
der) shalte accepte and take this my dooyng
in good parte, I haue my hartes desire herin.

Fare well.

Psalmes

of David in Metre.

Exaltabo te domine Psal. xxx.

*The churche that ghostly Israell,
Her Lorde and God dooeth praise:
whiche from the dread of death and hell,
Dooeth her defende alwaies.*

Praise laude and praise with harte and
O Lorde I geue to thee: (voice
Whiche wilt not se my foes reioyce
Nor triumphe ouer me.

O Lorde my God to thee I cride,
In all my pain and griefe
Thou gauest an eare and didst prouide,
To ease me with relief.

Of thy good will thou hast calde backe,
My soule from hell to saue:

Thou dooest relieue when strength doeth
To kepe me from the graue. (lacke,
Sing praise ye saintes that proue and se
The goodnesse of the Lorde:

In memorie of his maiestie,
Reioyce with one accorde.
For why, his angre but a space,

G.ii.

Doeth

Psalmes of Dauid

Dooeth last and flake again?
But yet the fauour of his grace,
For euer dooeth remain.
Though gripes of grief and panges full
Dooe channce vs ouer night: (soze
The Lorde to ioye shall vs restore,
Before the daie be light.
When I enioyed the worlde at will,
Thus would I boast and saie:
Tuthe, I am sure to feele none ill,
This wealth shall not decate.
For thou O Lorde of thy good grace,
Hadst sent me strength and aied:
But when thou tournedst awaie thy face
My mynde was soze dismaied.
Wherefore again yet did I crie,
To thee, O Lorde of might:
My God with plaintes I did applie,
And praied bothe daie and night.
What gain is in my bloud saied I,
If death destroye my daies?
Dooeth dust declare thy maiestie,
Or yet thy truthe dooeth praise?
Wherefore my God some pitie take,

In Metre.

O Lorde I thee desire:
Doe not this my soule forsake,
Of helpe I thee require.
Then didst thou tourne my grief & wo,
Vnto a cherefull voyce:
The mournyng weede thou tokest me fra
And madest me to reioyce.
Wherefore my soule vnceassantly,
Shall syng vnto thy praise:
My Lorde my God, to thee will I,
Gee laude and thanks alwaies.

Exultate iuste. Psalm xxxiii.

To praise the Lorde with ioye thei ought,
Whiche are accept through faieth:
God by his worde eche thyng hath wrought,
All mennes defence decreieth.

RE righteous in the Lorde reioyce,
It is a semely sight:
That vpriht mē w thākfūl voyce
Should praise the God of might.
Praise ye the Lorde with harpe and song
In Psalmes and pleasaunt thynges,
With Lute and instrument emong,
That soundeth of tenne strynges.
Syng to the Lorde a song moste newe,

G.iii.

With

Psalmes of David

With courage geue hym praise:
For why his woorde is euer true,
His woorkes and all his waies.
To iudgemente, equitee and right,
He hath a greate good will:
And with his giftes he dooeth delight,
The yearth throughtout to fill.
For by the woorde of God alone,
The heaueus all were wrought:
Their hostes and powers euerythone,
His breate to passe hath brought.
The waters greate gathered hath he:
On heapes within the shoze:
And hid them in the depth to be,
As in an house of stoze.
All men on yearth bothe least and most,
Feare ye the Lorde his lawe:
Ye that inhabite in eche coste,
Dread hym and stande in awe.
What he commaunded, wrought it was,
At ones with present speede:
What he dooeth will is brought to passe
With full effecte in deede.
The counsailes of the nacions rude,
The

In Metre.

The Lorde dooeth dzine to nought:
He dooeth defeate the multitude,
Of their deuise and thought.
But his decrees continue still,
Thei neuer flake oz swage:
The motions of his mynde and will,
Take place in euery age.
O blest are thei to whom the Lorde,
A God and guide is knowne:
Whom he dooeth chose of mere accorde,
To take them as his owne.
The Lorde from heauen cast his sight,
On men mortall by bearth:
Consideryng from his seate of might,
The dwellers on the yearth.
The lord I saie whose had hath wrought,
Mannes harte and dooeth it frame:
For he alone dooeth knowe the thought:
And woorkyng of thesame.
A kyng that trusteth in his hoste,
Shall nought preuail at length:
The man that of his might doeth boiste,
Shall fall for all his strength.
The heapes of horsemen eke shall faile,
G.iii. Their

Psalmes of Dauid

Their sturdie steeds shall sterue:
The strength of horse shall not preuaile,
The rider to preserve.
But lo, the eyes of God entende,
And watche to aied the iuste:
With suche as feare hym to offende,
And on his goodnesse truste.
That he of death and all distresse,
Maie set their soules from drede:
And if that dearth the lande oppresse,
In hunger them to fede.
Wherefore our soule doeth still depende
On God our strength and staie:
He is the shield vs to defende,
And driue all dartes awaie.
Our soule in God hath ioye and game,
Reioysyng in his might:
For why in his moste holy name,
We hope and muche delight.
Therefore let thy goodnesse, O Lorde,
Still present with vs bee:
As we alwaies with one accorde,
Dooe onely trust in thee.

• Quemadmodum desiderat. Psal. xlii.

The

In Metre.

The faithfull soule afflicted here,
Dooeth sigh, complain and crie:
Vnto the Lorde for to drawe nere,
whom wicked men defie.

LIke as the Hart doeth breath & bzaie
The wellsprynge to obtain:

So dooeth my soule desire alwaie,
With thee, Lorde, to remain.

My soule doeth thirst and would drawe
The liuyng God of might: (nere

When shall I come and appere,
In presence of his sight?

The teares all tymes are my repast,
Whiche from myne eyes dooe slide,

When wicked men crie out so fast,
Where now is God their guide?

For cōmfort this I call to mynde,
And stretch my strength abroad:

That with the holy I shall finde,
Health in the house of God,

Enioyng with a ioyfull voyce,
There full quiet and rest:

As with a sorte that dooe reioyce,
And celebrate a feast.

My soule why art thou sadde and sower,
G. v, Why

Psalmes of Dauid

Why troublest me so sore?
Trust in the Lorde and praise his power
That dooeth thy health restore.
When that my soule in me, O Lorde,
Dooeth fainte, I thynke vpon
The lande of Iordane, and recorde,
The litle hill Hermon.
One greif another in dooeth call,
As cloudes burst out their voyce:
The floudde of euilles that dooe fall,
Runne ouer me with noyse.
But yet the Lorde of his goodnesse,
Dooeth helpe at all assaies:
Wherefore eche nighte I will not ceasse,
The liuyng God to praise.
I am perswaded thus to saie,
To hym with pure pretence:
O Lorde thou art my guide and staie,
My rocke and my defence.
Why dooe I then in pensiuenesse,
Hangyng the hedde thus walke:
While that myne enemies me oppresse,
And bere me with their talke?
For why thei pearse myne inward partes
With

In Metre.

With pauges to be abhorde:
Whē thei crie out with stubburne hartes
Where is thy God thy Lorde:
So sone why doest thou faint and quaille
My soule with paines opprest:
With thoughtes why doest thy self assaile
So soze within my brest:
Trust in the Lorde thy God alwaies,
And thou the tyme shalt see:
To geue him thākes with laude & praise
For health restorde to thee.

Quid gloriaris. Psalme. lii.

*The wicked that the Lorde despise,
And trust in worldly strength:
With suche as vse deceit and lies,
Shalbe destroyed at length.*

Why doest thou tiraunt boiste abrod,
Thy wicked woordes to praise:
Dooest thou not knowe there is a God,
Whose strength dooeth last alwaies:
Why dooeth thy mynde yet still deuise,
Suche wicked willes to warke:
Thy tongue vnttrue in forgyng lies,
Is like a rasoure sharpe.
Of mischief why doest set thy mynde,
And

Psalmes of Dauid

And wilt not walke bpight?
Thou hast moze lust false tales to finde,
Then bzyng the truthe to light.
Thou dooest delight in fraude and guile
In crafte, deceipte and wzong:
Thy lippes haue lernde y flattr yng stile,
O false deceiptfull tongue.
Therefore shall God thy strength cōfoūd
And plucke thee from thy place:
Thy seede and rootes frō of thy ground,
At ones he shall deface.
The iust when thei beholde thy fall,
With feare will praise the Lorde:
And in reproche of thee wlt hall,
Crie out in one accorde.
Behold the man whiche would not take,
The Lorde for his defence:
But of his gooddes his God did make,
And trust his owne pretence.
But I an Oliue freshe and grene,
Shall spyng and spreade abrod:
For why my trust all tymes hath been,
Upon the liuyng God.
For this therefore will I gene praise,
To

In Metre.

To hymn with harte and voyce:
I will set foorth the his name alwaies,
Wherin his saintes reioyce.

Deus uenerunt. Psalme. lxxix.

Here are set foorth the sore assaultes,
That wicked men inuent:
Against Gods church which sheweth her faultes,
And dooeth to hym lament.

O Lord the Gentiles dooe invade,
Thyne heritage to spoyle;
Jerusalem an heape is made,
Thy temple thei despoyle.
The bodies of thy saintes moste deare,
Abrode to birdes thei cast:
The fleshe of suche as dooe thee feare,
The beastes deuoure and wast.
Their bloud throughout Jerusalem,
As water spilde thei haue:
So that there is not one of them,
To laie their dedde in graue.
Thus are we made a laughynge stocke,
Almoste the worlde throughout:
The enemies at vs ieste and mocke,
Whiche dwell our coastes about.
Wilt thou, O Lord, thus in thine ire,
Against

Psalmes of Dauid

Against vs euer fume :
And thewe thy wrath, e as hote as fire,
Thy folke for to consume :
Upon those people poure thesame,
Whiche did thee neuer knowe:
All suche as call not on thy name,
Consume and ouerthrowe.
For thei haue gotte the vpper hande,
And Jacobs seede destroyed:
His habitation and his lande,
By them is sore annoyed.
Beare not in mynde our former faulces,
With spede some pitee shoue:
And aied vs Lorde in all assaulces,
For we are weake and low.
O God that geuest all health and graunce
On vs declare thesame:
Waie not our workes, our sinnes deface,
For honour of thy name.
Why shall the wicked still alwaie,
To vs as people dunne:
In thy reproche reioyce and saie,
Where is their God become?
Require, O Lorde, as thou seest good,
Before

In Metre.

Befoze our eyes in sight :
Of all these folke thy seruauntes bloude,
Whiche thei spilt in despite.
Receiue into thy sight in hast,
The clamours, grief, and wrong:
Of suche as are in prisone cast,
Sustainyng irons strong.
Thy force and strength to celebrate,
Lorde set them out of bande :
Whiche vnto death are destinate,
And in their enemies hande.
The nations whiche haue been so bolde,
As to blaspheme thy name .
Into their lappes with seuen folde:
Repaie again thesame.
So we thy folke, thy pasture shepe,
Will praise thee euer more:
And teache all ages for to kepe,
For thee like praise in store.

Deus stetit. Psalm. lxxxii.

God dooeth rebuke the worldly wise,
And tell them all their due:
To suche as will his wordes despise,
He sheweth what shall ensue.

Amen

Psalmes of Dauid

Amid the prease with men of might,
 The Lorde hymself did stande:
 To pleade the cause of trueth and right,
 With Iudges of the lande.
 How long, saied he, will ye procede,
 False iudgemente to awarde:
 And haue respecte for loue or mede,
 The wicked to regarde.
 Wheras of due ye should defende,
 The fatherlesse and weake:
 And when the pooze man doeth contende
 In iudgemente iustly speake,
 If ye be wise defende the cause,
 Of pooze men in their right:
 And ridde the nedy from the clawes,
 Of tirauntes force and might.
 But nothyng will thei knowe or lerne,
 In vain to them I talke:
 Thei will not se or ought discerne,
 But still in darkenesse walke.
 Wherefoze be sure the tyme will come,
 Sens ye suche waies dooe take:
 That all the yearth from the botome,
 My might shall moue and shake.

In Metre.

I had decreed it in my sight,
As Gods to take you all:
And children to the moſte of might,
For loue I did you call.
But notwithstandinge ye ſhall die,
As men, and ſo decaie:
Like tirauntes I ſhall you deſtrie,
And plucke you quite awaie.
Up Lorde & let thy ſtrength be knowne,
And iudge the worlde with might:
For why, all nations are thine owne,
To take them as thy right.

Lauda anima mea. Pſal Cxlii.

*A praiſe of God, in hym alone,
All folke ſhould hepe and truſt:
And not in worldly men, of whom,
The chief ſhall tourne to duſt.*

My ſoule praiſe thou O lorde alwaies,
My God I will confeſſe:
Whyle breath and life prolong my daies,
My mouth no tyme ſhall ceaſſe.
Truſt not in worldly Princes then,
Though thei abounde in wealth:
Nor in the ſonnes of mortall men,
In whom there is no health.

H. I.

For

Psalmes of Dauid

For why, their breath doeth sone departe
To yearth anone thei fall:

And then the counsailes of their harte,
Decaie and perishe all.

Happye is that man, I saie,
Whom Iacobs God dooeth aide:

And he whose hope dooeth not decaie,
But on the Lorde is staied.

Whiche made the yearth & waters depe,
The heauens high withail:

Whiche doeth his worde & promise kepe,
In trueth and euer shall.

With right alwaies dooeth he procede,
For suche as suffre wrong:

The poore and hungrie he dooeth fede,
And leuse the fetters strong.

The lorde doeth ease the blind with sight
The lame to limmes restore:

The Lorde I saie dooeth loue the right,
And iuste man euermore.

He dooeth defende the fatherlesse,
The straungers sadde in harte:

And quite the widowe from distresse,
And all ill waies subuerste,

Thy

In Metre.

Thy Lozde and God eternally,
O Syon still shall raigne:
In tyme of all posteritee,
For ever to remain.

Thomas Gent

FINIS.

Tho

Im printed at London by Ihon
Kynngston, and Henry Sut-
ton, dwelling in Pou-
les Church-

parke.

Thomas
Gent

Tho

A prayer against the assaults of devils.
O most benigne lord Jesu Christe bestow me
thy sacred blessing and most holy Communion / preserve
me before the face of thy most benigne
the sweete mercie grace and blesse of my
soules / deliver (Alto) I have brought into
the stand by thyne might the myght to
behold

O most mercifull lord Jesu Christe praye upon my
infirmities captivities and infirmities by the
mercy of thyne my myghty soules go forth
do not to suffer thinge and delivered into
thyne mercy

O most loving Jesu Christe I beseeche thee for thy grace
to be able to resist the power of the
devil into the hand of thyne to be bound
quarrelled and deliver also from thee to
remaine thyne grace upon the cross more
than the myghty power of the hand of the
evil power to do

for thou thy grace I humbly desire thee to
loose the yokes of my captivity / and to deliver
me from all my evill concupiscence and obyl

inclinations to defend me from all assault
of myn enemyes and in tyme of temptacion
to helpe me

gouerne me in all ppybete lode all inordinate
motions passions & affections all ppeccing
wickednes & inclynacion to pryde & envye
and any gloze & such other like for it is
in thy power only to defend me from these
thynges

O Lord Jesu fulfill in me & thy grace and
most sweet comfort make me to continew
in goodnes that I may escape all occasion
of synne & strongly resist temptacion & shewe
the fleshe to the spyte & shame & damage
of synne obey thy inspiration & steps & doctrine
and shewe of thy dybell nor consent to any
synne nor mynde any thyng that shoulde
displeasse the butt commit me most freely to
tempt for thy honor lode & gloze most
fearfully to please the same and to goe and
obey my self & ally to thy will my lord

god gyve me grace to cleave to the only to
a cleane & pure harte / that I may be
bryghte and bryghte to the w^{or}ld daylong
by a most chaste and pure love
. Amen .

o Good ffrendes praye that I may have
grace to obeyne the peticions contayned
in this praye booke written

o yo^r l^ove & loving myffress
during my lyf / amen

o a meditation touchyng the aduersion made
by my lady Marye grace / 1549 /

o This natyall lyf of ours is but a pilgrymage
from this wandring world & exile from our
eternall countrey / that yo^r to etyre / & thence from
all myserys to the (loz^d) & geyng into our etyre
felicitie / And leaue the pleynitude and comoditie
of this lyf & etyre & thence from goyng the
lyght & spedy waye to the / the w^{or}ld of etyre &
the w^{or}ld of etyre / and so yo^r w^{or}ld w^{or}ld

thynne to teneynt the sghat collett & gnyett ppe
Cande of 3 jouny.

thysse cytyenre, deppynge sozelle / mozmynge & in
conclusion all aduysitoe be unto us do spynne
de the deppynge do (benge dult apper bysbe oz
pette, dape apper) dyt pood not to pmdynre
longe in the transitoze daye.

thysse lord gibe us gytte to pzytt the deppynge
iozney / and to remembere 3 pphit & thalle dombye
And yf thalle do alle a deppyt of aduysitoe alle the pnto
all chynge deppynge do of all not to deq, dmon
than byden, but pemyng 3 mynde contrumally
spoted & lye up to the de mays be alle chynge
to beye ytt.

lord all tynge be thynne / thysse do de all tynge
de out dny deppoon do of all pnto conbarynt
to thynne pnto alle deppoon / and gibe us gytte
new to deppit but do thalle deppit / do be ytt.

a good oofen fapoll 3 pape yalle do of all
do yalle be deppit to pnto thynne pnto
deppynge to remembere me & to pphit pnto
yo ldnge pnto yalle.

A prayer to be said at the death of any
O Lord Jesu Christ our only Saviour of all
men living and everlasting life of them that
die in faith I beseech thee for me and my
myself wholly into thy most blessed will
and I beseech thee that the things which I
desire are committed unto thy mercy. O Lord
make me to be thy faithful servant and
free of the passion of the world in which I
of all things to me desire
I beseech thee most merciful Lord Jesu Christ
that thou wilt be to my great comfort
my dear comfort all temptations and that
thou wilt be to me as the father
of thy mercy comfort all the state of the world
I see and understand that thou art in my soul
of the of salvation but all my comfort and
and trust ye in thy most merciful goodness
I have no merit nor good works which I
may deserve before thee of thy mercy and
(alone) I see a great mercy but I am
thy mercy I trust to be in the number of them
to whom thou wilt not impute their sins
but take and accept me for righteous and
be in mercy of everlasting life
O most merciful Lord Jesu Christ for my sake / Amen

deleth my synnes & tyme for my sake / tyme
deleth my synnes & tyme / tyme deleth my synnes & tyme for
my sake / tyme deleth all good doers & deleth my
sake / tyme suffreth most precious persons and
torment for my sake / and finally tyme giveth
the most precious body to us & the blinde to be
falle on the eyes for my sake

o noble most merciful Father / but all tyme tyme
gave me thy grace / tyme gave me / tyme
gave me thy grace for me / but the blinde olde &
deleth all tyme the grace and fullness of my sinnes
but thy righteousness giveth & our my iniquities
but thy mercy of thy passion & blinde be tyme
our sinnes for my sinnes

o give me lord thy grace / tyme my faith & salvation
in thy blinde Father / not in me / but on thy grace
& constant / tyme the grace of thy mercy and life
on last tyme now deale in me / tyme our sinnes
not only in me

o finally tyme the salvation of my sinnes be not
on common be the grace of thy

o grant me merciful Father / tyme our sinnes
grant me the grace of my body / yet tyme the grace
of my sinnes my faith & love upon the / tyme
our sinnes grant me the grace of my sinnes
& grace / yet tyme my faith my grace & sinne
the / In manus tuas duc commendo spiritum meum /
tyme ye to grace / O lord into thy hands I give and

Comite my soule. Dne fca accipe spiritum meum.
lozd jhu jesus my soule pte tge. Amen.

.11. ffolij. 1372. p. Holandum layne.

10. Promotione pte dpe gad gad mro
diligent attendentes anstet good fides
ffendentes and buclitay hmyth fono
myssus e ftoth 10 poto of all dloz.
na de ffolio / 101 / Gaj dde.

. Oratio divina .

10. pte to pte deu unigenitus p quem oit
fca sunt. p filiu unigenitu p quem oit
pde mte sunt. p pte fca pte pte p quem
oite illuminat sunt.
p pte to pte me adinnot me fite me
confite me / custode me / pte me / fende
me / pte e nocte ab oit mte e de mte
mote e a fca glady in pte comte
mte e de oit mte mte mte
e mte mte e de mte mte e de mte
mte e de pte e de mte mte
dne de fte mte e de fte
oite mte e mte mte e mte mte
mte fte fte fte a fte mte de
fite a me e mte dne up jhu
p e fte fte fte fte fte

A prayer for true humility.

[illegible]

[illegible]

and knight ~~the~~ took

And
to the
not by his
a mother comfort / in
the general husband a
I may still be not
in comfort (I have
best promised to be
of good example of
the congregation
of the Lord
all yours & friends

made in the
the
the
the
the
the

falling